

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

*Quee.* So he does indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time; ile loose my daughter to him.  
Be you and I behind an Arras then,  
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,  
And be not from his reason false thereon  
Let me be no assistant for a State  
But keepe a Farme and Carters.

*King.* We will trie it.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Quee.* But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

*Pol.* Away, I do beseech you both away. *Exit King and Queene.*  
Ile boord him presently, oh giue me leaue,  
How does my good Lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* Well, God a mercy.

*Pol.* Doe you know me my Lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I my Lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest my Lord.

*Ham.* I fir to be honest as this world goes,  
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand,

*Pol.* That's very true my Lord.

*Ham.* For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a  
good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

*Pol.* I haue my Lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,  
But as your daughter may conceiue, friend looke to't.

*Pol.* How say you by that, st ill harping on my daughter, yet  
he knew me not at first, a said I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,  
and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for loue, very  
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my  
Lord.

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter my Lord.

*Ham.* Betweene who.

*Pol.* I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

*Ham.* Slanders sir; for the Satericall Rogue saies here, that old  
men haue grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eies  
purging thick Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they haue a  
plenti-

## Prince of Denmarke.

plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which  
fit though I most powerfully and potently belecue, yet I hold it  
not honestie to haue it thus set down, for your selfe fir shall grow  
old as I am; if like a Crab you could goe backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, wil you  
walke out of the aire my Lord?

*Ham.* Into my graue.

*Pol.* Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant sometimes  
his replies are, a happines that often madnes hits on, which reason  
and sanctitie could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I will leaue  
him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

*Ham.* You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more  
willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my  
life. *Enter Guildensterne, and Rosencraw.*

*Pol.* Fare you well my Lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fooles.

*Pol.* You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

*Ros.* God saue you sir.

*Guy.* My honor'd Lord.

*Ros.* My most deere Lord.

*Ham.* My excellent good friends, how dost thou Guildensterne?

*A Rosencraw.* good lads how doe you both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guy.* Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap,  
We are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shooe.

*Ros.* Neither my Lord.

*Ham.* Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fa-  
(uors.

*Guy.* Faith her priuates we.

*Ha.* In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet  
What newes?

*Ros.* None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest. (true;

*Ham.* Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not  
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsonoure?

*Ros.* To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

*Ham.* Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thanks, but I thank  
you, and sure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halspeny:  
were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visita-  
tion? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

*Guy.* VVhat should we say my Lord?

*Ham.*